THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

August, 1800.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

> ..... in Affliction's hour
> .... the lenient hand of Love
> Proves its best office. Then the virtuous wife
> Shines in the full meridian of her truth.
>
> HAYARD.

THIS Lady's name will ever be an honour to her sex, while female heroism and conjugal affection continue to be estimable qualities in the eye of the world.—We are sorry that it is not in our power to state any particulars of her birth or family; it is, however, of much more general importance to record, for example's sake, the sufferings which she so bravely underwent during the American war, in her passage through the enemy's army, to attend her wounded husband, Major Ackland, an Officer serving under General Burgoyne, and then a prisoner.

The wonderful story would exhibit, if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise, and the distress of romance, realized and regulated on the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty.

This Lady had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend, in a poor hut at Chamblée, her husband upon his sick bed.

In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to share the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderago, by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign; and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriages used for the mail upon the great roads of England. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to General Frazer's corps, and, consequently, were always the most advanced part of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of their clothes: in one of these situations, a tent, in which the Major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly serjeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of; —it proved to be the Major. It happened that, in the same instant, she had, unknowing what she did, and, perhaps, not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw, upon the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire, in search of her. The serjeant again saved

saved him, but not without the Major being severely burned in his face. Every thing they had in the tent with them was consumed.

This accident happened a little time before the passing of the Hudson's River: it neither altered the resolution nor cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action every minute, she had been directed by the Major to follow the rear of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action became general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded.

Thus was this Lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musquetry for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband, who was at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions with her, the Baroness of Reidesel, and the wives of two British Officers, Major Harnage, and Lieutenant Reynell. But in the event their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and, a little time after, intelligence was brought that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead.—— Imagination will grant no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials, and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and, at last, received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of

the general calamity:—the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety; not a tent or shed standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

"When the army was upon the point of moving," says General Burgoyne, "after the halt described, I received a letter from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates's permission to attend her husband.——Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food; drenched in rain for twelve hours together; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hand she might fall into first, to me appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I could afford to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some fortunate hand, a little rum, and some dirty water. All I could furnish her with was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain to the Artillery, readily undertook to accompany her; and, with one female servant, and the Major's valet de chambre, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy.——But her distresses were not yet to end:—the night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-posts, and the centinel would not let

let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat, if it stirred before daylight.—Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXVI.

WHETHER the subsequent animated Apostrophe to the Daughters of Opulence and Fashion is written by an old or a young woman, a male or a female, little concerns the reader. It is earnestly requested, however, to weigh its acquirements with impartiality, and to profit by its truths. The season of the year gives propriety to the sentiment, and an opportunity of putting them into practice.

Fashion, it is known, is now leading her votaries out of town, to those places which, not many years ago, were

intended for the abodes of disease and quiet. Gaiety and Dissipation are become the companions of Peevishness and Pain. Strange association!——and, in an age so actuated by the love of self, hardly to be credited. But novelty and variety, a change of face, and a change of scene, will account for many things that may appear very unaccountable. A discussion of this subject, however, would be very foreign to my present purpose, which is not to enter minutely into the motives that lead all ages and descriptions of people, in the summer season, from the town to the country; but to point out, in a few words, how they might pass their time, while there, to the advantage of themselves and society in general.

——"HEAR me, ye sons and daughters of Fashion: hear me, ye that compose the fashionable world; now retired from uproar and confusion,——to groves, tranquillity, and leisure!——Hear me----for to you do I address my admonition; nor let my voice be as the voice of one crying in the desert: let it not be lifted up and thrown away, as it were, among the trees, and upon the beasts of the forests: let it not be said that the voice of reason was uttered in vain!

"As the plea for your retirement is relaxation, and secession either from cares or pleasure; either to recruit a decaying constitution, or a decreasing purse; carry not with you the manners of the town into the country. What benefit can this latter be, if you suffer the same cause to exist which produced effects that you wished to change? Why need the patient call in a physician, if not resolved to avail himself, to the utmost, of his assistance; if not determined to avoid, in future, whatever cause made that assistance requisite? Change not, then, the order of Nature; convert not day into night; but enjoy a sight more glorious, a spectacle more splendid, than the ingenuity of man hath yet devised:----enjoy the beauties of the rising sun!---beauties, known only to the pure and freer atmospheres of

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rural scenes. Need I tell you that health awaits on early hours? The pallid cheek, the languid eye, and fading form, sufficiently evince the havock made by nocturnal revels! For these, I know, you will alledge the tyrant Custom: yet if the stream runs so strong in the metropolis, that it cannot be stemmed; at least, in the country, where there is no necessity for such compliance, consult not only your present but future ease; and lay in, as far as lies within your ability, a fund of health, that may in some measure enable you to encounter the evils attendant on riot and irregularity, when you shall return to them, and to your winter's residence. I ask only of those who have groaned beneath the burdened languor of disease, at what rate they would have purchased the slightest respite from pain?—— Would they not (as it is beautifully and poetically expressed) "have idolized the hand that gave them ease!" Embrace, then, eagerly, whatever may conduce to the promoting of so invaluable a blessing as health; a blessing that is well known to prefer the air of villages and cots, to the smoke and obscurity of great cities and populous towns.

"Daughters of Fashion,---methinks I see you smile at the Moralist who ventures to recommend an early hour!--- But say, ye fair silken belles, would ye not rather owe the roses on your cheeks to Nature, than to the art of the most ingenious vender of cosmeticks? Many other considerations might be urged for your attention on this subject; but the attainment of health is an object of such superior importance, that it must ever meet the preference it deserves: and could I, by any argument in favour of it, but gain one proselyte to my opinion, I should feel the conscious satisfaction of not having laboured in vain.

"Let me, for a moment, suppose that I have made converts not of one or two alone, but of many; and let me imagine that I hear them requiring at my hands the disposition of those hours which I have thus added to their days.

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"I know that ye will whirl along in your carriages, and delight in the dust raised by your chariot wheels; and I also know that your sole aim will be to *take the air* (if airing it can be called where every moment ye are in danger of suffocation). Perhaps, fired with an enterprising spirit, ye hang over the generous steed, and urge him to outstrip his competitor on the road, harnessed, like himself, to some fashionable vehicle of the day. But let your expedition be directed to some nobler end than this, some safer pursuit; where neither suffocation can ensue, nor your persons be in any imminent hazard. The neighbourhood where you reside abounds in objects of distress; to relieve whose wants would be meritorious. I well know, that a very false idea respecting the country exists in the minds of those who inhabit large and populous towns: by such the country is regarded as the seat of happiness and contentment. Rural felicity has long been the subject of every poet's panegyrick. They think that where there are trees, and groves, and purling streams, there must be happiness and peace: but care, and want, and wretchedness, are to be found beneath the low-roofed cottage, as well as within the lofty mansion. If ye doubt my assertion, be convinced by ocular demonstration; and pity will, I am certain, in generous bosoms, follow the conviction. Here, then, is a door open for gratifying some of the finest feelings in the human breast; here is a mode of spending the early part of the day highly becoming a rational being. Think what blessings will be invoked on you; not only throughout the remainder of a day thus well begun, but, perhaps, for the remainder of the lives of those who may owe their existence to your bounty!

"I shall conclude with observing, that no heart will, probably, be found more acceptable in the sight of Him, in whose opinion a time will come when we shall all wish to stand high, than a heart disposed to the practice of charity and benevolence! This consideration ought at all times to

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be predominant in our minds; but if we do not feel its force and suffer it to influence our conduct in youth, it is much to be feared that age will render us callous to the voice of humanity, and that the calls of religion and duty will be inefficacious to excite us to the most exalted of all pleasures----the pleasure of doing good!"

In answer to the Lady who requested my advice in the last Number, I can only observe, that, while she perseveres in her own maxims, she may despise the buzz of scandal, and the petulance of ill-nature. I repeat, with her, that "a strict adherence to honour and virtue, and a full confidence in that Being who seeth not as man seeth, but judgeth the heart, is, and must be, the consolation" not only of a "*Widow bewitched,*" but of every woman in every situation of life.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IN perusing the character drawn by P. P. Q., in the last Number of your intelligent Publication, I cannot help thinking that his opinions have been guided by vulgar prejudice, rather than dictated by judgment or observation. Allowing, Sir, that there really is one *Rhapsodia* in the world, whose intellectual acquirements have tended to make her rather ridiculous than respectable, are we naturally to infer, that a cultivation of the mind would be injurious to the whole of the female sex? or to suppose that a lady bred up in ignorance would be more likely to shine in a domestic sphere, than one whose judgment has been strengthened by learning and education?

There are many prejudices entertained against a *learned* lady; but it does not appear to me that a girl will be rendered

dered a less useful member of society, or worse qualified for performing the duties of her station in it, by having employed the years between eight and eighteen in the cultivation of her mind, or the improvement of her understanding. The literary education of women ought, doubtless, to vary according to their fortune and situation in life; for too great a taste for reading and improvement will be injurious to her whose time ought to be devoted to domestic cares; whilst those who are destined to move in a more elevated sphere may indulge the passion without apprehension of the consequences.

"The chief end to be proposed in cultivating the understandings of women," says the judicious Author of Strictures upon Education, "is to qualify them for the *practical* purposes of life; for they do not study for the purpose of becoming an Orator, or a Pleader, but that they may *act*, instead of *debating* in life."

A woman of sense will never forget that the greater part of her duties in life are such as the most moderately gifted may fulfil with credit; and, instead of arrogating to herself any consequence from improvement, she will be humble, in proportion as her mind becomes informed.

"Study, therefore," says Mrs. More, "is to be considered as the means of strengthening the mind, and fitting it for higher and more important duties, in the same manner as exercise is prescribed for increasing bodily strength."

Men of real sense and discernment are generally advocates for female improvement; believing that the enlargement of the understanding is the most likely means of putting an end to those contentions for Equality, which the frivolous and uneducated so strenuously maintain.

"Natural propensities," says my favourite Author, "best mark the designations of Providence; for the fin was not more clearly bestowed upon the fish that he should swim, nor the wing given to the bird that he should fly, than superior strength of body, and a firmer texture of mind, was given to man, that he might preside in the deep and

and daring scenes of action and of council; in government, in arms, in science, in commerce, and in those professions which require a higher reach, and a wider range of powers." The true value of woman is not diminished by the imputation of inferiority;---far different is the sphere in which she truly shines. To them are we indebted for a refinement of feeling, a correction of passion, and a relish for the practice both of religious and moral duties.

The most attractive beauties of the person, doubtless, result from the graces of the mind; for delicacy, sweetness, sense, and sensibility, will completely compensate for irregularity of features, and be more likely to inspire tenderness and admiration, than the most perfect beauty devoid of those attractions. A cultivated mind and improved understanding is displayed in the countenance, as well as the conversation; and, in proportion as the eyes beam with intelligence, we naturally ascribe sensibility to the heart.

"To woman, therefore," observes Mrs. More, "whatever may be her rank, I would recommend a predominance of those useful studies, which, not having *display* for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists; the exercise of which will not bring celebrity, but improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth, lead her to be intent upon realities, give precision to her ideas, and bring her imagination under a proper restraint."

In almost all that comes under the description of polite letters, in all that captivates by imagination, or warms by affecting sentiment, women are justly allowed to excel; and they certainly possess that delicacy of perception, and quickness of discernment, between beautiful and defective, which justly comes under the denomination of taste.——Why, then, should we wish to deprive them of those advantages which from natural perception they can easily obtain?---or why confine their understandings by ignorance

rance and obscurity, when by refinement and education they would so pleasingly expand?

If an enlightened mind must necessarily become conceited, and intelligence be the means of engendering vanity and pride, uncultivated ignorance would certainly be preferable; but as information can never interfere with duty, or good sense be perverted by a liberal education, I must beg leave to differ from P. P. Q.'s sentiments; and to declare, that I think a *well-informed Female* alone calculated to make a companion for life.

I have the honour to be, SIR,

Your obedient servant,

A Man, who is blessed with an Intelligent Wife.

HINT TO MOTHERS

Who do not Nurse their own Offspring.

THE following fact is as well attested as it is singular.—Some country girls belonging to a village of the Spanish Cerdaigne, situated upon the highest of the Pyrenean mountains, saw, as they were gathering wild spinage, a flock of Izarns, a species of Chamois goats, followed by their kids: they tried to catch one of the latter, and succeeded. The rest of the flock had fled; but, scarce had the poor captive bleated, when an Izarn was seen listening at a distance. This was the dam, whom the girl, that was posessed of the kid, tried by its means to draw nearer, and to catch. Climbing a craggy rock with her prey, she shews it to the dam, who at the cries of the young Izarn begins to approach, trembling; and, after retiring and returning several times, with repeated bleatings on both sides, at last yields to Nature, comes to her kid, and suffers herself, without resistance, to be tied by the female peasant. Forgetting her savageness, she allowed herself to be conducted wherever the villager pleased. But where is the wonder? The Izarn was a mother,—not a mere nurse.——*Era mare y no nourrice la Izarda.*

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The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from page 34.]

CHAP. IV.

There is a destiny in this strange world
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:—
Let schoolmen tell us why. HOME.

LADY Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armoury. Thither they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand pressed it between her own.

—"My good young friend," said she, "I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the sad history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation."

Matilda endeavoured to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital.

"My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favourite. The indulgence I received from my parents caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin.

"My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty soon procured her a train of admirers; the most favoured of which was Arthur de Warrenne, Earl of Surry."

Matilda started; but Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued.

——" No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever experienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and assiduous affection of my husband in some measure consoled me under my grief, and the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a man possessed of the excellent qualities of my William.

" Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rupture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power, and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little:--- my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William.—— 'Oh,' replied one of the wretches, exultingly, 'he is safe enough: his Majesty has taken care of him, and served him as he ought to serve all such rebels!'

" I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried, exultingly--- 'Oh-ho! lady fair, your high spirit will soon be brought down: a few months' confinement under our good Roger De Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty!'

" Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him. I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behaviour to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears,

with which I bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the King's mandate, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to fare as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion.

"The preservation of my child now became my sole study, as I felt a dread, lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembled the abhorrence with which I received the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child.——Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start to his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a diamond of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling------Oh! my William!----my infant Raymond!----never shall I see you more!!"

"Raymond!" re-echoed Matilda. "Ah! such was the dear child I left. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But one," replied Lady Barome;---a chain of silver fastened round his neck: but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and, falling on her neck, sobbed out——

"Yes, my dearest Lady, it is your son----your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome which had been discovered by De

Warrenne.—"The immense distance being the only consideration."

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome: "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more eagerly induce him to take charge of my Raymond: besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shews, that he must have been kept by the poor man some time. Indigence might, at last, oblige the poor wretch to dispose of it in that manner." The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty.——"Surely," cried Lady Barome, "just are the dispensations of Providence!—Warrenne knows not whose child he has adopted, or, in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutors."

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery, where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquillity; in short, Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was," she resumed, "so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of sustenance for several days, during which time De Lacy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knees did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed me that Barome had escaped from Corfe Castle, where he had been confined, and was supposed to have taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family, it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account. ——Confinement, and incessant persecution, so harrassed my

my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributing to increase my own melancholy reflections, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tender care, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

CHAP. V.

He's handsome, valiant, young;
And looks as he were laid in Nature's bait
To catch weak woman's eyes.

DRYDEN.

ONE day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parapet, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the Castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this!" cried Lady Barome, shrieking with dread: "I fear it bodes no good.——'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parapet, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously: Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a dose, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favourite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:——

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?——Impossible!—Surely, were he to behold the suffering Lady, he would be melted into compassion.——Ah! would I could

could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monitress?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and, sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone continued:——

"In Valtimond De Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and a Sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying——

"For your purposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.——I am but a domestic in this family; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my Lady."

With a reserved curtsey she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond astonished at the beauty of her person and the dignity of her mein. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the Castle in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady Barome, whose stay (with all the palliation given when related to him) greatly interested his feelings; and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

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"Who knows," said that Lady to her, "but Heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man!—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda; "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble in the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition.

"Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our favourable opinion of him."

Matilda sighed; her eyes pursued the horsemen; and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and, shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda, in vain, strove to sleep: a thousand ideas, painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite abashment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—— She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown.——

"Why, lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you!"

"Oh, Sir!" cried Matilda, "do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me."

"Then conduct *me* to that Lady," said Valtimond: "let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favour. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind."

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner it would be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said——

"Pardon,

"Pardon, Sir, my irresolution; if it gives offence, I shall be concerned; but our situation is peculiarly delicate. However, placing the fullest confidence in your honour, I comply with your request:——follow me.

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and, impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.——She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but, soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.——"Alas! Madam," cried he, "how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus intruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain with which you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me.

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance, that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship: he prest it to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury. They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.

Valtimond waited upon them the next day, and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant; as, also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur De Warrenne.——He heard her with unconcealed emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness upon his face, she said——"I believe your protestations sincere; —prove my conjecture;—just liberate us from this confinement:——you have the power."

Valtimond started; he turned pale; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate—— "Fatal request!"—then, striking his forehead, he continued——"Idiot that I was!—Could I not have foreseen this!"

He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps: then, reseating himself, and turning to Lady Barome——

"Severely, indeed, Madam," said he, "have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand proceeds from personal apprehension——far from it: I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine.—Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction,—not to attempt a recovery of your rights until the public affairs are more tranquil. Judge, then, should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed Majesty!——What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a situation?—Ah! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort: you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation."

While speaking, he turned his eyes full upon Matilda with melancholy languor. Her's were suffused with tears, and she seemed to wait, in painful anxiety, the answer. Lady Barome seemed much affected by his pleading, and, after a pause, said——

"Selfish as I must appear, and painful as it is to me to be so urgent, I must yet persist in my request, confident that

that that alone can secure my peace: I must, furthermore, beg to conceal from you my plans for our future destination."

"You do, indeed, distress me!" exclaimed Valtimond.

"How am I to act?" rejoined Lady Barome.—"Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not serve you to realize?——A time may come when I can make you reparation for the services you may render me."

"Talk not of reparation, Madam!" cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—"that is impossible."

"'Tis well, young man," said Lady Barome, with indignation; "we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity."

"Dear Madam!" said the terrified Matilda."

"Gracious God!!" interrupted he, wildly, "have I deserved this?——Yes, Madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon, and pity my desperation!"

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda petrified with terror. The exertions she had made were too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, out of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favour of the young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction, from learning of Lady Barome that it was her intention to pass over to Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

All the next day passed—no Valtimond appeared; and they began to imagine that he had repented his forward zeal. At last their hopes were revived by the sound of his footsteps across the saloon.——Matilda's heart beat high with expectation. He advanced; his looks were wild and disordered; and, throwing himself on the sofa, he took a bundle from under his cloak,

"There,

"There, Madam," cried he; "I have complied with your cruel request. And, now, may I supplicate you to think sometimes with pity on the unfortunate De Lacy, who, in losing the gratification he had expected to find in your society, will experience the most poignant affliction."

Lady Barome rose from her seat; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer suppress her tears.

"Generous youth!—my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness."

"Refrain, I entreat you," he replied, "this kindness: I can better bear your anger; that but excited me to prove myself worthy; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain."———Then, taking the parcel,——"Here," he continued, "are two peasant's dresses; in these, you may pass the borders in safety; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part.——In two hours I will attend you."

He then quitted the apartment.——With palpitating hearts they engaged the intervening time in disposing of the few clothes they were able to secure, and other trinkets of value. The habits Valtimond had procured so effectually disguised them, that they had no fear of detection.

The appointed hour soon arrived. Valtimond was punctual: he engaged their silence. Then, extending one hand to each, he led them down the staircase, and from thence went through a back door, of which he only possessed the key. The clock just struck ten as they passed the postern gate: all was still; and the morn, which rose with unusual lustre, seemed to light them on their melancholy way. ——The hand of Valtimond shook as it drew that of Matilda's under his arm; and her heart beat with responsive vibration: but all observed a profound silence. Matilda raised her eyes to his face, and was struck with the pensive sadness pictured there.

They soon reached the creek, where they engaged a fishing boat: the drowsy watermen were with some difficulty awakened. Valtimond again pressed the hand of each

each to his lips; a tear fell unperceived upon that of Matilda's; and, lifting his eyes to Heaven——" May the Almighty protect you!" was all he could utter. His voice faltered, and, clasping his hands together with a look of despondency, he quitted them.

With difficulty the fair adventurers supported themselves into the boat, which immediately pushed off from land. Matilda indulged her heart-felt grief in silence, not willing, by her own complaint, to dull the bright hopes she saw Lady Barome was cherishing. The dashing of the oars sunk them into a mournful reverie, from which they were roused by the discordant voice of their guide, who informed them of their approach to land.——After taking some refreshment in a paltry inn, they obtained a carriage to Barnstaple, from whence they embarked in a vessel for Dublin harbour. The seas ran high; but the adventurous travellers, fearing to betray their sex by unseemly terror, stifled their fears, and withdrew, as much as possible, from the observation of the other passengers. Their voyage was quick and pleasant, and with joyful hearts they beheld land, and greeted, with thanksgiving for their safety, the Hibernian shore.

CHAP. VI.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To share the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him for the soil.

GOLDSMITH.

IT was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed; and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—

there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manner which even procured respect from this uninformed cottager; and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye-bread, buttermilk, and whiskey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short stuff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy-cheeked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon cramming a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, though the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardiness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

"Know it!" exclaimed the woman:—"Arrah! and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face!——Why—we were tenants to the poor dear Lady who is dead; and a swate pretty sowl she was, by my faith!"

"Dead!" cried Lady Barome.———"Oh, Heaven!"

It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued:——

"My Lady De Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, my late Lord's brother."

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up al-

most to madness by this second shock.——The woman resumed:——

"Not that we are so proud of the change,—neither was he; for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where! and left the Abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in; and, God knows, nobody wants to go in,—not they; for it seems there has been foul work; and it is said that the poor dear Lady's ghost walks there, with a child's skeleton in her arms."

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda, fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late Lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms round Matilda's neck, exclaiming——

"Ah! my sweet friend!—what will now become of us! ——Would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy!"

Matilda sighed, involuntarily——"Dear De Lacy!"

"Ah!" cried Lady Barome;—"wretch that I am!—— I now see all.———And have I made you miserable, my only friend?——You love De Lacy!——Speak;—confirm my fears!"————Matilda trembled.

—"What is it you ask?" she demanded.——"To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?——No!—no!"

Tears choked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic.

"Why not?" cried she;—"you are worthy of him.— Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.——But I see how it is. I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and, think not that I will live to hear the self-reproach which thought alone must bring upon me!"

Matilda flung herself at her feet.——"Talk not thus, my beloved Lady. Live yet for your son—your Raymond! ——We may yet be happy!"

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning suddenly to Matilda, she said——

"Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprise?"

"Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?" rejoined Matilda.

"Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of you is such an extraordinary request——it is—to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding, is, to discover whether any traiterous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life."

Matilda endeavoured not to dissuade her from the enterprise; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted Abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they would never get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting that she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward her. —They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

CHAP. VII.

The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer scares;
Shews the yet spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoking with the clotted gore! SAVAGE.

WARRENNE Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty turrets seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labour and expense had been bestowed on the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who chuse their habitations far from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins: the rest, though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of cheerless desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was lost in immense distance. After a considerable time had elapsed, the tardy Cerberus made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petrifying to the ear, demanded the occasion of this unusual disturbance.—Matilda took upon herself to answer; the faltering tongue of Lady Barome denying its office.

"We demand admittance here," said she, exalting her voice to the most manly pitch she could assume, "in the name of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, Lord of this Castle, whose vassals we are, and from whom we are sent with dispatches; but, being basely robbed on our journey, we request

request admittance, until such time as we are sufficiently refreshed to return and obtain fresh supplies."

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—— "Where," he asked, "is the signet by which I may know you to be the vassals of Sir Arthur?"

"Have I not told you," replied Matilda haughtily, "that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasants? Pr'ythee make no more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill."

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings and intricate passages they came into a small vestibule, where at his desire they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine and some biscuits; then, desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingenuity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavoured to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office; but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty: his black scowling eye (for he possessed but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eye-brow, except when he glanced upon his timid guests. His mouth was of enormous extent, and, for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in so as to convert every smile into a ghastly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and, rising from his seat, muttered—— "Follow me." They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, shew-

ing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation, ——" Here, my lads, you will sleep securely."

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced, by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before apprised. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which their lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cæsar. The windows were high, and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of the apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and, fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labour, the wood being much decayed round the lock (their impatience overcoming their prudence), with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her comrade to travel, in his present state; and that, for his own part, he should not think of quitting them; that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favourably of them, than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber, and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp emitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and, along this, they groped a considerable way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow: this, upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The staircase terminated in a small door, the which they were obliged to stoop to pass: they had scarcely entered, when, to their inexpressible horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

"Let us return," said Lady Barome. "To-morrow we will resume our search; at present we are in a defenceless state. The figure was, I am convinced, human; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects whom we have never injured."

"True," replied Matilda; "and, as to weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel can, I believe, supply us.——

Some

Some villainy is, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects."

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER SCENERY.

[From an exquisite Rural Poem, just published, called "THE FARMER'S BOY." By *Robert Bloomfield.*]

SHOT up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown;
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping *sparrows* welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn:
Giles, with a pole, assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats,
On either side, completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here *Wisdom*'s placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires;
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender-speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific *Summer*'s sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When music waking speaks the *sky-lark* nigh?
Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on *Giles* to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost, for awhile, yet pours her varied song:
He views the spot, and, as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light.
The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became,
Like Fancy's floating bubbles in a dream;
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care?

Peace

Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

Its dark-green hue, its sicklier teints, all fail,
And ripening harvest rustles in the gale.
A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round,
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;—
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet trac'd but to the *architect* the praise;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple, gives the praise to GOD;
And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast,
From infancy to age, alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows;
Children of Want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy Mower emulous and strong;
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;

Prostrates

Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, HEALTH! come, *Jollity!* light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the FIELD, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the FARMER quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's pow'rful impulse knows;
And rival wits, with more than rustic grace,
Confess the presence of a pretty face:
For, lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID,
In Youth's own bloom, and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—
Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
When the slight cov'ring of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a jest of momentary birth,
She bears a part; and, as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Now,

Now, noon gone by, and four declining hours,
The weary limbs relax their boasted pow'rs;
Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
And ask the sov'reign cordial,——home-brew'd ale:
Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn
Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.
To *Mary* first the brimming draught is given,
By toil made welcome as the dews of Heaven,
And never lip that press'd its homely edge
Had kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.

THE INVISIBLE FEMALE.

[The following curious article is extracted from the GAZETTE DE FRANCE; and it is particularly entitled to the attention of our readers, from the respectable name of Abbé *Sicard*, the Preceptor of the Deaf and Dumb, which appears subscribed to the first Letter.]

To the Editor of the Gazette de France.

Paris, Feb. 21.

CITIZEN,

"YOU are undoubtedly not yet acquainted with the extraordinary experiment which is publicly displayed at No. 40, in the Street of the Priests of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois, since you have not made any mention of it in your Journal, in which you are careful to insert every thing which can interest, not only Politicians, but also those who cultivate the Sciences, Learning, and the Arts. I think that I shall conform to your wishes by recounting what I have seen, and in detailing the sentiments which I have felt on this occasion.

"In a small chamber of this house, in the third story, and within a grated circumference, is seen a chest of white glass, suspended to the ceiling by four little chains, which keep

keep it perfectly separated from every other body: this chest is transparent, and penetrable to the eye in its whole extent. To one of its extremities is adapted an opaque tube of horn, by which a voice is heard, which appears to be that of a young girl, who replies distinctly to every question put to her. The impression of breathing, and the heat of the air of respiration impregnated with the odour of liquors which she has taken, are also perceived. I thought at first that this voice was that of a *Ventriloquist*, and that it was the voice of him who shewed the curiosity; but, on the morrow, my astonishment was extreme, when this pretended ventriloquist went out of the chamber with another; and, when I put new questions with a voice so low that I was not heard by any of the other spectators, to find that the replies were perfectly just, and well articulated. The breathing was the same.

"What can be the cause of a phenomenon so astonishing? Where is the person who replies to the questions put to him? What are the means of communication with this opaque (I would almost say magical) tube of horn, since the chest in which the one end of this horn is placed is perfectly separated from every other body; since the tube itself is perfectly isolated, at least as far as relates to the end which might be supposed to be the communicating medium between the person who asks and the person who makes the replies?——This is the secret of the inventor of this wonderful machine, which appears to me well worthy of exciting public curiosity, and which will not fail to give occasion for the researches of those who wish to comprehend and to explain every thing.

"*Sicard.*"

We were not in reality informed of the phenomenon of which Citizen Sicard here speaks: it was sufficient that it had excited his attention to excite our curiosity. We went a few days ago to the present residence of this *young Invisible*.—We will not attest the truth of the details given by

Citizen Sicard: the testimony of no other person is necessary to make them believed. We will not undertake to explain what he has declared himself unable to explain. We will only join our admiration to his, and we shall give an account of the negative and positive ideas which what we saw and heard produced upon us.

1st. We thought, as Sicard says that he did, at first, that the perfectly distinct sounds which we heard proceeded from a ventriloquist, who, it is pretended, can give to his words the direction which he pleases. We intreated, as Sicard had done, the person who presided in the house to leave the place where we were; and we spoke so low to the *Invisible*, that it was altogether impossible that any other person than *it* should hear what we said, especially as we were perfectly sure that we were not near any conductor of the voice besides the horn, which ended within the chest of glass, which is perfectly isolated.

2d. We could not believe that the questions which we put could be heard out of the glass, nor that the answers could come from without it; because the tube, which serves as a conductor for the questions and replies, communicates only with the chest into which the words are conveyed, and from which they return; and because the chest does not communicate with any thing but the chains which suspend it to the walls and ceiling.

3d. If it is said that magnetical or electrical virtues are introduced for some purpose in the operation, we would ask, how it happens, by any of *these virtues*, that the *young Invisible* sees and names, without being ever deceived, the object which is held in the hollow of the hand,—such as a piece of silver, a watch, &c.; the surface of which is held up to the orifice of the tube in such a manner that these objects cannot be perceived from any other point.

After being unable to find the explanation of this phenomenon, in any of these means by which, in other cases, the most marvellous effects are produced in physics, we concluded, that, perhaps, there was in the chest a *really invisible*

visible Girl,—a dwarf much smaller than that of the King of Poland.* If this is the fact, it must be only from twelve to fifteen inches in length, and about five or six in thickness; this being all the space of the chest, which cannot be seen, it being behind the communicating tube.

The questions which we put to the Invisible, and the replies which it made, were as follow:——

What age are you?—Fourteen years of age.——Where were you born?—At Marseilles (she has an accent absolutely provincial).——What is your name?—Francoise.——Are you pretty?—No.——Are you good?—Yes; though sometimes ill-natured.——What is your position in this chest?—I am reclining.——Do all the questions which are put to you not disgust you?—Never; but I am sometimes very much wearied.——Let me feel your breath?—(The Invisible immediately made it strongly felt.)——I feel your breath very well; but Citizen Sicard observes, that he also felt the smell of liquors, which I do not perceive.—That, perhaps, was owing to my having taken liquor that day in the morning. To-day I breakfasted on coffee.——How is it that you see every thing that is presented to you, that you hear every thing that is said to you, and that no person can discover you?—That is the secret of those to whom I belong, &c.————I went away, persisting in saying, that, though I could not pretend to have discovered the solution of the mystery, I would rather believe it to be a Dwarf than any other thing.———The greater number profess themselves of this opinion, said the possessor of the secret, with a smile.

* This dwarf died at Nanci, the 9th of June, 1764. A wooden shoe served it a long time for a cradle. At six years old it was fifteen inches high, and at sixteen, twenty-nine.——History speaks of a dwarf, who, at thirty years of age, was only eighteen inches high: it belonged to Queen Henrietta, of France, wife of Charles I.

THE MILLINER'S SHOP.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I KNOW no situation more agreeable than that of a fashionable Milliner. Every thing around her is seducing:—the gauze and the lawn assume whatever shape her fancy directs. She arranges those flowers fashioned by Art whose vivid colours dare to rival the brilliant productions of Nature.——This handsome hat—this aigrette—this bouquet, acquire triple value from her plastic hand!

Beyond that glazed partition behold that assemblage of young beauties: they hold the needle and the scissars.——How happily employed! Taste, or rather Fashion, directs their labour. The Graces preside over their dress; Coquetry beams in their eyes.

Here, on the right, are the three Graces;—this is the freshness of Hebe, the gait of Juno, the beauty of Venus. ——There, on the left, is a sprightly brunette, a wood-nymph, whose furtive glance inflamed the Satyr.——At the farther end is a fair damsel with blue seducing eyes: it is the Queen of Cyprus, who holds even the most rebellious hearts in subjection. In the morning the fashionable milliner resembles the artificial flowers around her;—at night she is the rose in all its lustre! Her worshippers increase as the star of day proceeds in its course; when Phœbus has completed his career, she enjoys her greatest triumph. She is then the finest production of Nature——the most desired.

Corinna holds the needle with grace; Victoria forms the bonnet with delicious taste; Aglae plaits the gauze!—What a charming occupation!——Oh! that I were a milliner, or a milliner's girl!—Happy young beauty, who in the closet of Love preserves a heart as pure, as fresh as the colour of the flowers! What coquetry in her gait!—what a divine waist!——It is a young milliner who walks before me: she carries a light band-box full of ribbons and roses.——

roses.——What grace!—what attractions!—All eyes follow this charming object!—they cannot lose sight of her!

Amiable Modesty!—may you be ever the favourite virtue of the young milliner's girl!

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S SERMON,

PREACHED at the Magdalen, April 27, 1795 (being the Anniversary of the Institution), having been alluded to by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in his late speeches against the Divorce Bill, we lay before our readers the leading passages, as quoted by the illustrious Duke.

The Bishop's Text was from the first chapter of the Third Epistle of John, the third verse.

"*And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is free.*"

"That the future bliss of the Saints in glory will, in part, at least, consist in certain exquisite sensations of delight,—not such as the debauched imagination of the Arabian impostor prepared for his deluded followers, in his paradise of dalliance and raillery; but that certain exquisite sensations of delight, produced by external objects, acting upon corporeal organs, will constitute some part of the happiness of the just, is a truth with no less certainty deducible from the terms in which the Holy Scripture describes the future life, than that corporeal sufferance, on the other hand, will make a part of the punishment of the wicked."

On the cruelty of man towards a fallen female sinner.

"It is one great defect, that, by the consent of the world (for the thing stands upon no other ground), the whole infamy is made to light upon one party only in the crime of two; and the man who, for the most part, is the author, not the mere accomplice, of the woman's guilt,

and, for that reason, is the greater delinquent, is left unpunished, and uncensured. This mode of partial punishment affords not to the weaker sex the protection which, in justice and sound policy, is their due against the arts of the seducer. The Jewish law set an example of a better policy and more equal justice, when, in the case of adultery, it condemned both parties to an equal punishment, which, indeed, was nothing less than death. A worse evil, a mischief attending the severity, the salutary severity, upon the whole of our dealing with the lapsed female, is this,—that it proves an obstacle, almost insurmountable, to her return into the paths of virtue and sobriety, from which she has once deviated. The first thing that happens upon the detection of her shame is, that she is abandoned by her friends, in resentment of the disgrace she hath brought upon her family. She is driven from the shelter of her father's house; she finds no refuge in the arms of her seducer; his satiated passion loaths the charms he hath enjoyed; she gains admittance at no hospitable door; she is cast a wanderer upon the streets, without money, without lodging, without food! In this forlorn and helpless situation, suicide or prostitution is the alternative to which she is reduced.——Thus the very possibility of repentance is almost cut off, unless it be such repentance as may be exercised by the terrified sinner in her last agonies, perishing in the open streets, under the merciless pelting of the elements of cold and hunger, and a broken heart!—and yet the youth, the inexperience, the gentle manners, once, of many of these miserable victims of man's seduction, plead hard for mercy!——But we have high authority to say, that these fallen women are not, of all sinners, the most incapable of penitence,—not the most unlikely to be touched with a sense of their guilt,—not the most unsusceptible of religious improvement:—they are not, of all sinners, the most without hope, if timely opportunity of repentance were afforded them. Sinners such as these, upon John the Baptist's first preaching, found their way into

into the Kingdom of Heaven before the Pharisees, with all their outward shew of sanctity and self-denial."

Portrait of the seducer.

"Happier far their lot than that of their base seducers, who, not checked, like these, in their career of guilty pleasure, by any frowns or censures of the world, 'have rejoiced themselves in their youth,' without restraint; 'have walked,' without fear, and without thought, in the ways of their heart, and in 'the sight of their eyes;' and, at last, perhaps, solace the wretched decrepitude of a vicious old age with a proud recollection of the triumphs of their early manhood over unsuspecting woman's frailty; not having once paused to recollect, that——'God for these things will bring them unto judgment!'

ON THE

MISERY attendant upon PROLONGED EXISTENCE

To those who have survived their Family and Friends.

EXEMPLIFIED BY A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

OF all the misfortunes attached to human nature, none appears to me so distressing and severe as that of surviving our family and connexions: and the Romans were so sensible of the poignancy of this affliction, that—"May he survive his relatives and friends" was an imprecation they bestowed upon the degenerate part of mankind.

The loss of Liberty has frequently been thought the most distressing event that could be attached to life; but the following instance will prove that the inestimable blessing derives its value from Society and Friends.

Upon the accession of a new Emperor to the throne of China, a release was granted to all the prisoners in his dominions who at that time happened to be confined for debt. Amongst the number was an old man, who had been an early

early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual revolution of *fifty suns!*

With faltering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of light, and the face of Nature presented a perfect Paradise to his view! The gaol in which he had been imprisoned was at some distance from Pekin, and he directed his course to that city, impatient to enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

With the utmost difficulty he found his way to the street in which, formerly, had stood his decent habitation; and his heart became more and more elated at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around in search of those objects which had once been familiar to his sight; but all was new---all was changed! —A magnificent edifice was erected upon the spot where once had stood his humble dwelling; and those prospects which he had expected to behold with delight afforded him only sorrow and vexation!

An aged pauper, who stood at the gate of a portico soliciting charity from its unfeeling guard, soon drew the emancipated wretch's attention; and whilst he relieved that distress which seemed superior to his own, he fearfully enquired after his own connexions. His wife, unable to support his loss, had fallen an early victim to distress and sorrow; his children had fled to distant climes, in search of that support which was denied them in their own; and his dearest friends were mouldering in the dust!

Shocked at a tale so full of grief, he hastily returned to the palace of his Sovereign, and, in all the anguish of distress and sorrow, poured forth the effusions of his tortured soul.

"Great Prince!" he cried, "remand me to the prison from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and, in the midst of this popu-

populous city, I find myself in dreary solitude! The cell of my dungeon protected me from gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasures in which I cannot participate, and die with thirst though surrounded with streams of delight!"

POVERTY AND SENTIMENT.

[A FRAGMENT.]

ONE day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor man and woman standing near my door, in earnest discourse together. They did not observe me; and, while I was scraping the dirt off my shoes, I overheard the man utter these affectionate words:——

"Do eat it, my dear (she was pressing him to accept of a piece of bread that she held out to him with both her hands)!"

"Do eat it yourself!—indeed, I will not take it. It will do more good to you,—for I can fast."

Here my knocking at the door disturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me. I put my hand into my pocket to relieve their distress.

"There, good people," said I, "there is a shilling for you:—you seem to be in want."

They received it with blessings and thanks.——When I went into the parlour, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable pair. I then beheld (good Heaven, how my heart did bleed!), I beheld the man devouring the morsel of bread like a wolf; like a wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests to prey on the flocks of the plain.---No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distress of his mate: she had now got wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and he could make his meal on the crust of bread!

I called

I called my dear friend to the window:——"There, Mary, behold that sight!"---I told her the story, and the tears gushed from her eyes in a flood. The scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fire-side.

"You see, my dear Mary, to what misery we mortals, at times, are reduced: you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your father's house, and have seen nothing but plenty in the country around. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the labourer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his pittance of bread; but in the city you will behold *real* sorrow and distress.——Were you, like me, to walk the streets of this metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow creatures, men, women, and children, formed by the same hand of God, destitute of every necessary of life; bereft of cloathing; wanting food: ---without a home in the cold and chilling frost, they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the rich, and at the doors of their fellow citizens, to pass the bleakest nights! Who knows but such may be the lot this very night of that miserable pair?——And yet, by their wickedness or imprudence, they cannot have deserved it: they have shewn me such greatness of mind, such nobleness of sentiment, in that short debate about their only crust of bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by vice. Perhaps, bred up in a virtuous and affluent state, they are, for unknown purposes, by the hand of Heaven thus levelled with the poor.---But let us assist them as much as we can."

I ran to the door to give them a guinea; but they were gone, and were lost in a crowd of passengers in the street.

THE PAINTER. AN ALLEGORY.

TRANSLATED FROM GELLERT.

ONE of the most celebrated Artists of Athens, who painted less for money than for fame, shewed to a Connoisseur a Portrait of Mars, and requested his judgment on

on it. The Connoisseur candidly declared that the painting was too much laboured. The Painter did not want reasons to justify his work. The Connoisseur, on his part, urged more potent arguments; but they did not convince the Artist.

A young blockhead arrives in the midst of the conversation, and fixes his eyes on the picture.——"Gods!" exclaimed he, at the first glance;---"what a *chef d'œuvre!*---How accurately these nails are painted!---What a beautiful helmet!---The whole is astonishingly finished!——It is Mars himself, alive!"

The Painter was penetrated with shame; and, with a look of confusion, said to the Connoisseur——"You are right.---I own myself vanquished;"---and with these words he threw the painting in the fire.

If your works do not please people of taste, it is a bad sign; but if, besides this, they please blockheads, never let them go into the world.——Destroy them.

THE POET AND THE ROSE. A FABLE.

I HATE the man who would raise his name on the ruins of another's reputation. Like him, prudes, while destroying characters, imagine that they are establishing their own; like him, writers, covetous of praise, think, by calumny, they transfer laurels from the brows of others to their own.---Inspired with the same pride, *belles* and poets decry all their rivals.——Whoever would extol the features and eyes of Lesbia, must paint her sister a plain and clumsy girl; for Flattery is sure to please, when accompanied with Censure, or some other nymph.

In the freshness of the opening morn a poet visited a garden covered with the dew of May. In every part of it an embalmed air breathed around him; every plant expelled the homage of its own incense.——The Poet gathers a Rose---

Rose---contemplates it---admires it---and thus addresses it, in the language which his Muse inspires:——

"Rose---go and adorn the bosom of my Chloe!---Too happy! could I there kindle an inextinguishable flame, and, like a Phœnix, under the eyes of Chloe, and on a bed of perfumes, burn and die!

"Know, sad flower, that you will there find roses more fragrant than yourself! I see you already bowing your head,---withering with envy and despair!——Doomed to the same fate we die;---you with envy,---I for love!"

"A truce,---a truce, with comparisons," replied a Rose from a neighbouring tree. "We disturb your quiet less than that of any other.---What could poets do without us?——The Rose flourishes in all your amorous songs; we enrich them with our colours, and our odours. When you depress us to exalt your Chloe, how do you add to her charms?——Must we, to flatter her, grow pale; and wither with envy, fade, and die?"

HOPE.

WHAT is, then, this secret instinct that makes us in love with the future, and constantly draws the mind to the time at which we have not yet arrived?—It is Hope.——Hope carries its consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon; smiles on the pillow of the sick; and watches night and day at the door of the indigent.

"The Creator," says the Author of the Henriade, "has placed among us two friendly beings; constant and amiable inhabitants of the earth; our supporters in peril,---our treasures in indigence;—Hope and Sleep,—the foes of Care."

Religion makes hope a virtue,---paganism has made it a divinity. The poets represent it as the sister of Sleep, which suspends our sorrows; and of death, that ends them.

Pindar calls Hope the "nurse of Old Age." It sustains us in every period of life; it blooms in every season, like

the myrtle that preserves its verdure through the year:—it is not without reason.

A certain Author says,—"Hope makes us to live."——The human mind is essentially active; when it ceases to hope, it begins to languish. Nothing could be more profoundly true, than the following expression of Madame de Maintenon:—"Would I were dead!"——her marriage with Louis XIV. having left her nothing more to hope on earth.

It has been observed, that a sentiment is more or less permanent in proportion to its violence: nothing is more fleeting than surprise, anger, fright. Nature, desirous that hope should be extinguished only with life, has made it a milder sentiment. Most of the passions are like the burning rays of the meridian sun. The illusions of Hope are the beams of the moon shining mildly in the night.

Hope makes upon the soul the same impression that green colour, which is its symbol, produces on the sight. But what gives a peculiar charm to Hope, is, the tender melancholy that always accompanies it; the comparison between the present and the future; the privation of a good, and the perspective of its enjoyment, produce a mixture of sadness and joy that takes entire possession of the soul, and fills it with a delicious sensation.

How often, in the times of revolution and civil discord, have victims been given up to the sword by the very persons on whom they had heaped favours?——When so many unfortunate beings have been betrayed by their friends, and abandoned by their relatives, what an affecting spectacle to behold Hope still stretching out the hand!——Hope alone remained at the post of Friendship: at its voice the doors of eternal bliss flew open, and the scaffold became the ladder to Heaven!

But if Hope has sometimes consoled the unhappy, it often becomes, by mistaking its object, a source of care and sorrow. Nothing is so nearly connected with despair as foolish expectations.—Hope does not always take rea-

son for its guide: it follows more willingly the imagination, which always flatters its portraits. Hope also often deceives itself from want of experience; for experience is only acquired by a knowledge of the past, and Hope knows only the future.——Thus our hopes are often no more than the dreams of the night; and we resemble the glassman in the story, who overset his fortune with a kick of his foot, and awoke from his reverie to disappointment.

ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

[Concluded from page 41.]

THE Society being met as usual, the bachelor, in the course of conversation, observed,---"That marriage has this unquestionable privilege,---that if some wicked wits attack it, great numbers are in *duty bound* to stand up in its defence."

"Yes, my friend," said the last speaker, "great numbers have at all times stood up in its defence, both from *duty* and *affection*. If it has been the constant jest of half-wits and libertines, it has but shared the same fate with religion itself. No wonder if those free spirits, who have shaken off their reverence for their God, express none for an institution sacred to decency and virtue. Their jeers, however, the friends of virtue and order may well bear, as they know that the wisest and best men of all ages and nations have looked upon the conjugal state as the strongest fence of property, without which succession would be precarious, relation unknown, and society a rope of sand. What is there so desirable in celibacy, that, for its pleasures, so many should renounce a state thus honoured with the approbation of mankind? How strong must the allurements be which can tempt men, practically, to say, in direct opposition to the decision of Supreme Wisdom, that 'it is good for man to be alone?'

"But,

"But, to wave the benefit of every argument from morality and religion, tell me, my friend, is the life of a bachelor exempted from the common inconveniences of humanity? Are the distresses and vexations of life entailed upon the conjugal state only?——A married man may meet with misfortunes in the world, but so also may an unmarried. The first will always have a double portion of the sympathy of good men; their benevolent regards will be in proportion to the number of their species who may be affected by such misfortunes. A married man may be injured in his character, and hurt in his dearest interests; so also may a bachelor; but who considers the damage in the same light. Both, indeed, enjoy the protection of the laws; but the first has ever held a more respectable rank in society, and in a just *ratio* to that rank his damages will always be estimated. A married man may suffer much by the occasional distress of his family; but he has the comfort to reflect, that those to whom he now discharges the tender offices of friendship and humanity will cheerfully repay them in kind, should the providence of God ever make their case his own.——The bachelor, when reduced to a sick bed, is a pitiable object;---unable to help himself,---with none but mercenary servants, perhaps more mercenary relations, about him, whom shall he trust? If he is poor, neglect, in his greatest need, is the bitter portion of his cup;---if he is rich, yet, alas! what avails it? Physicians may prescribe,---medicines may be administered;---but, still, many may be interested in his death,---perhaps not one in his recovery.

"A married man may suffer by the folly and caprice of his partner for life; but common prudence, and the experience of his own weakness, will enable him to bear it.——Has the bachelor nothing to fear from his illicit connexions with the sex? Or would one rather put up with the fantastic humours of a mercenary, than the occasional slips and inequalities of temper in a woman, who, upon the whole, meant well, and had his interest and happiness

really at heart? What do men set a higher value upon than their health, their fortune, and their life? Have these been safer in celibacy than in marriage?---Prejudice would blush to say that they have.

"A married man may suffer by the misconduct of his children; but, to counterbalance this, he long enjoyed the pleasing hope of their turning out well. If some of them prove stubborn and refractory, the filial piety of others may alleviate the misfortune. If some of them, by their folly and extravagance, bring him into straits and difficulties, the good conduct and success of others may retrieve his affairs, and make the evening of his days easy and agreeable: in any case, the reflection of his having done his duty will be a continual source of satisfaction.——Every parish knows that bachelors may have children; but, conscious of the injury they have done the unfortunate mothers, and the stain they have entailed upon innocent children, must they not be strangers to that pure and unmixed pleasure which a father enjoys upon the birth of a legitimate child?——Unnatural situation!---where the birth of children is generally looked upon as a misfortune.

"If a married man of probity and virtue be in depressed circumstances, every humane heart feels for him,---every liberal hand is ready to support him. A bachelor in the same situation is a kind of detached object, much less regarded: people scarcely make the just allowances for the errors of a conduct which cannot, with decency, support a single solitary being.——If a married man succeeds in business, or is born to affluence, he has the pleasure to reflect, that, by the blessing of God upon his industry or prudence, a whole family are made happy. By training up his children to the love and practice of virtue, and giving them a decent education, he draws upon himself the respect due to a good citizen; with a pleasure not to be expressed, he anticipates futurity, and sees his sons and daughters respectably settled in the world; he sees the circle of his connexions enlarged, and still enlarging, and

families

families unborn rejoicing in the character of their ancestor. ——When the bachelor gets forward in the world, how poor are his enjoyments!---how narrow and confined his views! He eats and drinks, and is lodged; but he eats the bread of care; he tastes not the cup of joy; and from social happiness his dwelling is far removed.——Uncomfortable life!---miserable situation!---how pitiable!---how dependent!"

The President observed, that the bachelor often changed colour during my friend's harangue, and that his lips grew remarkably pale when the words,-----*mercenary servants*, *sickness*, and *death*, were mentioned.

"Indeed, my friend," said he, "this has something of the appearance of self-condemnation."

"To speak the truth," said the bachelor, "if our friend had not already got a wife, and a very good one, he deserves to have both, for his zeal in the general cause of the sex. What, alone, I blame in his defence of the conjugal state, is, that he seems indiscriminately to blame celibacy, without at all considering the motives which may induce so many to prefer it. Let him give due credit for these, and I have no quarrel with his doctrine. No man sets a higher value on the company of the Ladies than I do. What a wretch were man, condemned to the fatigue and drudgery of life, without it! There is a charm in woman that lulls our cares to rest; bids our boisterous passions be still; and which calls forth, even in the soul of the meanest clown, sensations the most tender and agreeable! For woman, the plodding statesman forgets the cares of empire: for woman, the soldier foregoes the pleasure of destroying mankind: for woman, the miser has parted with his gold, and the fop given up his essences and perfumes: for woman, parsons have forgot their text, and rakes become sober: for woman, poets have become fools, and fools have become poets——the time would fail me——: for woman, friends have quarrelled: for woman, the world has been lost!"

"Very handsomely said, by a bachelor!" returned the gentleman who was lately married. "I despair not of seeing the man, who can do so much justice to the influence of the sex, yet happy in a good wife. But in what I have said, I would not be understood to condemn celibacy in all cases. No: the great point a man ought always to have in view, is his own happiness; when, therefore, a man is conscious that his funds are not equal to the expence of a family, except he can better his circumstances by marriage, it is a virtue in him not to marry. When a man knows his temper to be cross, and his disposition averse to social happinesss, he is rather to be pitied than blamed, though he remains a bachelor. When a man looks upon a wife but as an upper-servant, and believes that the sole end of woman's creation was to propagate the species, his ideas qualify him more for a Mahometan paradise, than for the company and conversation of a virtuous and sensible woman. When a man, by his prejudice and a connexion with loose women, comes seriously to despise the whole sex, it is very prudent in him to decline a connexion where virtue and mutual esteem are essential to happiness. ——In a word, I would not have any man marry, who has not the candour to look upon the sex in the most amiable and respectable light; and the sense to distinguish between the errors of the few, and the virtues of the many.

"But I know, my friend, that there are numbers, who, like you, have no general prejudice against the sex; who, like you, are in a situation to support a family decently; who, like you, have good sense, good humour, and a taste for social happiness; and, let me add, who, like you, through mere indolence of temper, live on from year to year without once seriously thinking upon what they really believe to be their duty as men and members of society."

"In what you have last said," replied the bachelor, "you have really hit upon my foible. I acknowledge I am indolent; and have known young fellows so plagued in running after the sex; so jilted and disappointed, and that, too,

too, when they thought that they had their mistresses sure; that I have never had the courage to subject myself to so many probable inconveniences. I shall give you two or three instances:——Will Manly is a very honest fellow, and has a pretty good estate. He courted Miss Keelson; her father authorized and approved of his addresses; securities were talked of; preliminaries were settled; when in stepped old Squire Gumble:——a better settlement---double Will's fortune---was, in the father's eye, more than a salvo for all that could be said. He became sulky, started a thousand objections, and insisted upon terms which he knew could not be granted. Will was forbid the house.---- The poor girl, afraid of her father's violent temper, married the old man; and in six months broke her heart! Poor Will became the jest of the neighbourhood.

"Ned Hartop is a genteel, well-bred man, and engaged in a fine branch of business. He made his addresses to Miss Sprightly; was well received; and doubted not of success: but a Cornet of Dragoons, with whom his mistress danced at a ball, without a shilling more than his commission, beat up his quarters.

"Jack Millan is a lad of excellent conduct and character; minds business, and has always kept the best company. He made up to Squire Stately's daughter: the girl had great merit, but not one shilling of fortune. Jack had been long intimate in the family, and had some reason to believe that he was not indifferent to the lady. He proposed marriage; the Squire was affronted. Jack's great grandfather had been a farmer: the Statelys had been gentlemen beyond all memory. Perhaps matters might have been adjusted by the mediation of friends; but, with a generous contempt, Jack disdained to be connected with a fool.

"Some of the inconveniences which you pointed out in celibacy I have felt; more of them I have feared: and, to own the whole truth, have often resolved to marry. I once wrote a card to a lady, kept it six months by me, and then

then threw it into the fire. I know not why one is so awed by the presence of a virtuous woman; but that the greatest libertines are under a restraint when in such company, is most certain. If ever I court a woman, I believe I must do it on the plan of a certain modest friend of mine, now happily married. He is naturally bashful, and, to have gained him a kingdom, could not have asked a woman the question, without some preparatory step first taken. He had been long intimate with the lady whom he married, and had a thousand times revolved in his mind some plan of making his intentions known to her. At last he had the resolution, though with a trembling hand, to write her the following card:

'Mr. ——'s respectful compliments 'to Miss ——: he thinks she has too much penetration 'not to have discovered what he never had the courage to 'tell her. If this shall unfortunately offend, he will too 'easily observe it; and, in that case, must in silence draw 'a very disagreeable inference against himself.'

"He was not able to see her for a month after, but waited on her at last; when, being received in the same easy and obliging manner, after looking a little foolish for the first half hour, he was able to come to the point. The lady knew his worth, and made the just allowance for his temper and conduct." Z.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XIV.

LADY Arabella Seymour, born about the year 1577, was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox (who was the youngest brother of Lord Darnley, father of King James I.), by Elizabeth his wife, second daughter of Sir

Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, in the county of Derby, Knight. The said Earl died in the twenty-ninth year of his age, leaving issue this his only child, of whose education a more than ordinary care was taken, and not in vain; for we are told that she had a great facility in her poetical compositions; and her papers are still preserved in the Harleian and Longleat Libraries.

Her affinity to the crown occasioned her many troubles, and was the cause of her almost perpetual confinement. It appears from a passage of Mr. Ogleby's negociation in Spain, in 1596, that she was under a kind of durance in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; for he observed, that---" the Queen of England would not deliver up to the King of Scots, Arabella, his uncle's daughter, to be married to the Duke of Lenox in Scotland, at the time when the said King, having no issue, intended to make the said Duke his successor and heir to the crown of Scotland."--- But, be this as it may, it is certain, that jealous, busy heads were forming accusations against her, of which she greatly complained in her letters to her friends.

About this time the Pope formed a design to raise Arabella to the throne of England, by marrying her to Cardinal Farnese, brother to the Duke of Parma. King Henry IV. of France, seemed to favour this project, from an apprehension that England would become too powerful, if it was united with Scotland, under the same King.

Soon after the accession of King James to the crown of England, some English Lords projected a scheme to make Arabella Queen of England; because, says Thuanus, they were afraid lest King James, being a foreigner, should prefer the Scots before them, and confer all the posts of honour and profit upon the former: they, therefore, conspired to kill the King, and to crown Arabella. But this conspiracy being detected, some of the conspirators were capitally punished, and the rest obtained the King's pardon, or a reprieve. These transactions seem to have occasioned

casioned her confinement in her own house, and to have impaired both her fortune and health.

It is observed (in a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, in 1609), that---" the Lady Arabella's business, whatever it was, is ended, and she restored to her former place and grace. The King gave her a cupboard of plate, better than two hundred pounds, for a new-year's gift, and a thousand marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance; want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontent, though she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed."

Soon after this, she was privately married, without the King's privity or consent, to Mr. William Seymour, second son to the Earl of Hertford, who was afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford, and at length restored to the Dukedom of Somerset. Their marriage being soon divulged, they were both committed prisoners to the Tower.

After an imprisonment of about one year, although they were under the care of different keepers, by an artful contrivance they both made their escape at the same time; at the news of which the court was terribly alarmed, and a proclamation was immediately issued for their apprehension.

As the manner of their escape was remarkable, and as it is exactly related in a letter from Mr. John More to Sir Joseph Winwood, dated June 8, 1612, we shall give his account verbatim.

"On Monday last, in the afternoon, my Lady Arabella lying at Mr. Conier's house, near Highgate, having induced her keepers and attendants into security, by the fair shew of conformity and willingness to go on her journey towards Durham, which the next day she must have done, and in the mean time disguising herself by drawing a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her pettycotes, putting on a man's doublet, a manlyke perruke, with long locks over her hair, a black hat, a black cloak, russet bootes with red

red tops, with a rapier by her syde, walked forth, between three and four of the clock, with Mr. Markham. After they had gone a mile and a half to a sorry inne, where Crompton attended with their horses, she grew very sick and faint, so as the hostler that held the styrrop said, that gentleman would hardly hold out to London; yet, being set on a good gelding, astride, in an unwonted fashion, the stirring of her horse brought blood enough into her face, and so she rid on towards Blackwall; where, arriving about six o'clock, finding there in a readiness two men, a gentlewoman, and a chamber-maid, with one boat full of Mr. Seymour's and her trunks, and another boat for their persons, they hasted from thence towards Woolwich. Being come so far, they bade the watermen row on to Gravesend: there the watermen were desirous to land, but for a double freight were content to go on to Lee; yet being almost tyred by the way, they were fane to lye still at Tilbury, whilst the oars went a-land to refresh themselves. Then they proceeded to Lee, and, by that time the day appeared, they discovered a ship at anchor a mile beyond them, which was the French barque that waited for them. Here the Lady would have lien at anchor, expecting Mr. Seymour; but, through the importunities of her followers, they forthwith hoisted sail to seaward. In the mean while, Mr. Seymour, with a perruke, and beard of black hair, and in a tauny cloth suit, walked alone, without suspicion, from his lodging out of the great west door of the Tower, following a cart that had brought him billets: from thence he walked along by the Tower wharfe, by the warders of the south gate, and so to the iron gate, where Rodney was ready for to receive him. When they came to Lee, and found that the French ship was gone, the billows rising high, they hired a fisherman for twenty shillings to set them on board a certain ship they saw under sail: that ship they found not to be it they looked for; so they made forward to the next under saile, which was a ship of Newcastle. This, with much adoe, they hired for forty pounds to carry them

to

to Calais; but whether the collier did perform his bargain or no, is not as yet here known. On Tuesday, in the afternoon, my Lord Treasurer, being advertised that the Lady Arabella had made her escape, sent forthwith to the Lieutenant of the Tower to set streight guard over Mr. Seymour, which he, after his *yare manner*, said he would *thoroughly do,---that he would;* but, coming to the prisoner's lodgings, he found, to his great amazement, that he was gone from thence one whole day before.

"Now the King and the Lords being much disturbed at this unexpected accident, my Lord Treasurer sent orders to a pinnace that lay at the Downs to put presently to sea, first to Calais road, and then to scour up the coast towards Dunkirke. This pinnace, spying the aforesaid French bark, which lay lingering for Mr. Seymour, made to her, which thereupon offered to fly towards Calais, and endured thirteen shot of the pinnace before she would stryke. In this bark is the Lady taken, with her followers, and brought back towards the Tower: not so sorry for her own restraint, as she should be glad if Mr. Seymour might escape, whose welfare she protesteth to affect much more than her own."

This unfortunate Lady being from this time under close confinement in the Tower, she there spent the remaining part of her life in a melancholy retirement, which had such an effect upon her as to deprive her of her reason. When she had been a prisoner four years, she was happily released from all her sorrows by death (though not without suspicion of poison), on the 27th of September, 1615, and was interred in the vault with Mary, Queen of Scots, in King Henry VII.th's chapel, without any monumental inscription. Her coffin is now much shattered and broken, so that her skull and body may be seen.

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

SIR,

YOUR well known liberality of sentiment, and integrity of character, will prevent, I hope, your ascribing the following lines to the motives of fulsome adulation or undeserved praise, when I address you on a subject, though not entirely new, at least soothing and cheering to a virtuous mind;——I mean the "*Farmer's Boy.*"---I have read, Sir, that Poem; but the pleasure and delight which I received from its perusal I cannot describe, but must leave to those of more enlarged imaginations to conceive: yet, allow me, in the name of myself, and thousands who have participated in a similar pleasure, to thank you for your generous and successful efforts, in rescuing from oblivion a Poem, which, for the harmony of its numbers, the beauty of its imagery, originality of thought, and for its elegance and chasteness of diction, in my opinion (every circumstance considered), stands unrivalled in the annals of English literature; and will descend to posterity with increasing celebrity, and stamp the names of Bloomfield and Lofft with immortality.

I am persuaded that you will excuse my thus publicly making known my pleasing sensations of gratitude, when you are informed of the motive, namely——"To throw a light upon the manner of the composition of the *Farmer's Boy*;"---which seems either not to have come to your knowledge, or slipt your memory and remark; yet appears to me no inconsiderable addition to the well-earned laurels of the Author, to the knowledge of which I came in the following manner.

From the pleasure I received in reading the *Farmer's Boy*, and from some strange coincidences in the early

part of Mr. Bloomfield's life with my own, I was naturally enough anxious to become acquainted with the Author.---For this purpose, I obtained his address, and found him---the modest, the unambitious person you describe---wondering at the praise and admiration with which his Poem has been received, whose utmost ambition was, to have presented a fair copy to his aged mother, as a pledge of filial affection, and a picture of his juvenile avocations. So unexpected, so unlooked for, was the fame of his production, that till this moment the whole of his good fortune appears to him as a dream.——" I had no more idea," says he, " to be sent for by the Duke of Grafton, and be so kindly and so generously treated, than of the hour I shall die."

I gave him my card of address, an invitation to my house, and a sincere profession of my friendship, if, amid his numerous admirers, and noble and royal patrons,* the latter was worthy of acceptance.

Last Sunday afternoon I was highly pleased with his company, and gratified and entertained with his conversation.——Sir, he is all---nay, he is more---than you have described.

After some hours agreeably spent in observations on men and books, I submitted some of my own poetical productions to his inspection, for you must know I have, at different periods of my life, paid my addresses to the Muses, and have by me as many pieces as would make a volume, which many years since, whenever I could bring myself to think them of sufficient consequence, I intended to publish, under the title of *Poems, on various Subjects and Oc-*

* The Duke of Grafton is here alluded to, whose early attention to the Author and his work does infinite credit to that Nobleman's discernment, elegance of taste, and goodness of heart.——Also, the Duke of York, who has not hesitated to express the pleasure he received on reading the '*Farmer's Boy*,' by transmitting a letter of thanks, and a present of ten guineas to the Author.

casions, by a Plough-boy.——But, not possessing the genius of a Bloomfield, nor having hitherto met the correcting hand and instructive friendship of a Lofft, they have not yet made their appearance. However, for me here to express Mr. Bloomfield's opinion of my productions, might very properly be construed into vanity; therefore, shall at last come to the chief inducement for my writing.

Among other subjects of conversation with respect to the '*Farmer's Boy*,' I wished to be informed of his manner of composition: I enquired, as he composed it in a garret, amid the bustle and noise of six or seven fellow-workmen, whether he used a slate, or wrote it on paper with a pencil, or pen and ink; but what was my surprize when he told me, that he had used neither!——My business, during the greatest part of my life, having led me into the line of literary pursuits, and made me acquainted with literary men, I am consequently pretty well informed of the methods used by authors for the retention of their productions. We are told, if my recollection is just, that Milton, when blind, took his daughters as his amanuenses; that Savage, when his poverty precluded him the conveniency of pens, ink, and paper, used to study in the streets, and go into shops, to record the productions of his fertile genius; that Pope, when on visits at Lord Bolingbroke's, used to ring up the servants at any hour in the night, for pen and ink, to write any thought that struck his lively and wakeful imagination; that Dr. Blacklock, though blind, had the happy facility of writing down, in a very legible hand, the chaste and elegant productions of his Muse. With these, and many other methods of composition, we are acquainted; but that of a great part of the '*Farmer's Boy*,' in my opinion, stands first on the list of literary phenomena.——Sir, Mr. Bloomfield, either from the contracted state of his pecuniary resources to purchase paper, or from other reasons, composed the latter part of his Autumn, and the whole of his Winter, in his head, without committing one line to paper!---This cannot fail

to surprize the literary world, who are well acquainted with the treacherousness of memory, and how soon the most happy ideas, for want of sufficient quickness of noting down, are lost in the rapidity of thought!

But this is not all—he went still a step farther:—he not only composed and committed that part of his work to his faithful and retentive memory, but he corrected it all in his head!!!—and, as he said, when it was thus prepared——"I had nothing to do but to write it down!"—By this new and wonderful mode of composition, he studied and completed his '*Farmer's Boy*' in a garret, among six or seven of his fellow-workmen, without their ever once suspecting or knowing any thing of the matter!

Sir, this to me was both new and wonderful, and induced me rather to communicate the information to you through the medium of the press than by writing, that it might meet the eye of many, who will be equally struck and pleased with the novelty of the idea as myself, and will plead my excuse with you and the public for intruding on your and their patience by so long a letter.

Having thus made known my motive for writing, I shall conclude with only observing, that the public are not a little obliged, for the amusement which they have received, to Mr. George Bloomfield, for his sensible and very entertaining account of his brother, which does not a little display his good sense and great sensibility; and that, had the '*Farmer's Boy*' stood in need of adventitious aid to give it additional attractions, no Poem has appeared that does greater honour to all those concerned, and to the liberality of the public.

I am, SIR,
Your's, most respectfully,
JAMES SWAN.

No. 7, Haberdasher's Walk,
Hoxton, July 12, 1800.

REMARK-

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FAILURE OF VOLITION.

[Extracted from Dr. Crichton's Essay on Mental Derangement.]

A young Lady, an attendant on the Princess of ——, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which *she died*, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door.——Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body.—She recovered.

The following is the account she gave of her sensations: ——She said, it seemed to her as if in a dream,—that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of the coffin: she felt them pull on the dead clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which she could not describe. She tried to cry out, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body: she had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and not in it, at the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first which gave activity to her soul, and enabled it to operate on her corporeal frame.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A *Legal* Gentleman of the Temple, who for a considerable time paid his addresses to the daughter of a bookseller in Holborn, was, some days ago, forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 91l. 13s. 4d. for *two hundred and seventy-five* attendances, advising on *family affairs*, &c.

School of Arts.

NO. XX.

Method of preserving fruit of different kinds, in a fresh state, about twelve months.

IT is necessary to gather the fruit two or three days before you begin the process. Take care not to bruise the fruit, and to gather them before they are quite ripe.---Spread them on a table, over a little clean straw, to dry them: this is best done on a parlour floor, leaving the windows open to admit fresh air, so that all the moisture on the skin of the fruit may be perfectly dried away.

Pears and apples take three days;---strawberries only twenty-four hours: the latter should be taken up on a silver three-pronged fork, and the stalk cut off without touching them, as the least pressure will cause them to rot. Take only the largest and fairest fruit.——This is the most tender and difficult fruit to preserve; but, if done with attention, will keep six months: there must not be more than one pound in one jar. Choose a common earthen jar, with a stopper of the same that will fit close.

The pears and apples then, sorted as before, must be wrapped up separately in soft wrapping paper, and twist it closely about the fruit; then lay clean straw at the bottom, and a layer of fruit; then a layer of straw, and so on till your vessel is full. But you must not put more than a dozen in each jar; if more, their weight will bruise those at the bottom.

Peaches

Peaches and apricots are best stored up wrapped each in soft paper, and fine shred paper between the fruit, and also the layers.---Grapes must be stored in the jar with fine shred paper, which will keep one from touching the other as much as possible. Five or six bunches are the most which should be put into one jar; if they are large, not so many; for it is to be understood, that whenever you open a jar you must use that day all the fruit that is in it.

Strawberries, as well as peaches, should have fine shred paper under and between them, in the place of straw, which is only to be used for apples and pears. Put in the strawberries, and the paper, layer by layer; when the jar is full, put on the stopper, and have it well luted round, so as perfectly to keep out the air. A composition of rosin or grafting wax is best: let none of it get within side the jar, which is to be placed in a temperate cellar; but be sure to finish your process in the last quarter of the moon.——Do not press the fruit, as any juice running out would spoil all below.

To whiten linen cloth.

Wet it well, and lay it on the grass in a sun-shiny day; cast water on it in which alum has been dissolved, and a little chalk; use it thus five or six days: then wash or buck it well, and it will become far whiter and thicker than it was before.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

July 2. A NEW Pantomimical Drama was presented, for the first time, under the title of "OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK."

The scene is laid in Jamaica, and the fable is founded on the real history of a runaway slave of that name, who was a man of great bodily strength, courage, and agility; qualities

qualities which, aided by the difficult nature of the country, enabled him to elude all pursuit for two years, from 1779 to 1781, during which time, as a free-booter, he was the terror of all the neighbouring inhabitants. At length the Council of Jamaica, alarmed at his depredations, offered a reward of 300l., and his freedom, to any slave who should bring in his head. This tempted two slaves to engage in this arduous undertaking: they set out, attended by a little boy; and, after a long and painful search through almost inaccessible rocks and caverns, encountered him. Such were his strength and ferocity, that he was on the point of vanquishing them both, when the little boy wounded him with a pistol-shot, and he was overcome. So far the Composer of this Piece has faithfully adhered to fact, and retained all the interest which a real possesses over a feigned story. The fact, however, forms only a part in the construction of this Pantomime; for the great body of interest and mass of embellishment the Composer has drawn from his imagination.

The business opens with Captain Orford's arrival at Jamaica just at the time when the terror of Three-fingered Jack is most prevalent. The Captain falls in love with Rosa, daughter of a Planter, who consents to their marriage. In a hunting party the Captain is wounded by the formidable Jack, and driven into his cave. The Captain's Negro-boy, Tuckey, who had been thrown into the sea by Jack, escapes in a boat, and relates his master's forlorn condition. Two Negroes, Quashee and Sam, in consequence of a Proclamation offering freedom to whoever shall take or destroy Jack, resolve to attack him. Rosa assumes male attire, and accompanies them, attended by Tuckey, the Negro-boy, who leads them to the neighbourhood of his cave. Rosa, fatigued by the journey, retires into the cave, and her party continue the pursuit. Jack soon follows her into the cave, and makes her his servant. She sings to him, and he falls asleep, first tying her hands, having fastened one end of the rope to the rocky side of his cavern,

cavern, and holding the other in his hand. She had, however, during his previous slumber, discovered her Lover in an interior part of the cave. When Jack is asleep, she sets fire to the rope, gets the key of the place where her Lover is confined, and they both escape. At length Quashee and Sam pursue Jack from rock to rock; a contest ensues, Jack makes a hardy resistance, but is wounded by a pistol, and finally killed. The Slaves get their liberty, and the whole Island rejoices at the death of the redoubted magical hero.

Of all the Pantomimes for some time produced there is not one superior to the present in intelligibility. In the whole progress of the story, in every incident, and every particular circumstance, the meaning forces itself upon the mind, and supersedes the necessity of all dialogue.

In the performance, the graceful action of Miss De Camp (the heroine of the piece) was much admired. The versatility of her talents has enabled her to appear to advantage in every department where sense and sound are requisites; but here she added a new laurel to her wreath, by her excellence in a department, the characteristic of which is graceful attitude.

The prevailing beauty in the Piece is the scenery, in which the nature of the country and of the fable has afforded an opportunity of introducing a great variety of picturesque views of rocks and caverns richly coloured; the machinery of which is managed with the most perfect precision.

15. A Drama in Three Acts, called "THE POINT OF HONOUR," was performed for the first time.

Dramatis Personæ.—Major St. Franc, Mr. Barrymore; Durimel (his son), Mr. C. Kemble; Valcour, Mr. Fawcett; Steinberg, Mr. Suett.—Soldiers, Servants, &c.——Mrs. Melfort, Miss Chapman; Bertha, Miss De Camp.

The scene is laid in Germany, at the residence of Mrs. Melfort, a widow lady, who, seven years before, had received into her family, as an agent in her concerns, a young

young Frenchman named Durimel, who soon comes to perform an important part in the Drama, being the favoured lover of her daughter Bertha, with the approbation of the mother. At the moment that the young couple are to be united, a circumstance occurs in which is involved the entire interest of the scene. A part of the French invading army enters the place, and gives just ground of alarm to Durimel, who discloses to Mrs. Melfort that he had followed the profession of arms at the age of 16, under the guidance of his father; but having had the temerity to resent a blow inflicted on him by his Colonel, sooner than submit to beg pardon where he was not the aggressor, he contrived to escape from his arrest, and become a deserter from that regiment, the officers of which were now quartered in the very house of his protectress. Durimel is then taken up, through the malignant offices of Steinberg, an old merchant, who first made love to the mother, and was afterwards jealous of the preference given to the young adventurer by Bertha. The lover is condemned to be shot by a Council of War; and the signal for his execution is to be given by an old soldier, who by his valour had acquired the rank of Major in the regiment, and who, upon explanation, turns out to be the father of Durimel. ——This gives rise to some very interesting situations and pathetic touches in the parting of the lovers, and the conflict of feelings in the father and the son.—The son of the incensed Colonel devises a scheme by which the young man may effect his escape, and the Major exhorts him to avail himself of the opportunity; but he disdains to exist at the expense of his father's honour.——Here an interesting conflict of a sense of honour with the impulse of Nature takes place: the former, for the time prevails; and this circumstance gives title to the Piece. The young man is brought out for execution, and the father, after a severe struggle with his feelings, consents to give the fatal order, but at the same instant suddenly throws himself before his son, in order to receive the fire.

The

The old man faints, the soldiers recover their arms, the destined victim breaks the cords by which he is tied to the halberts, and flies to the support of his father. The Colonel's son, who is present, and who, without knowing the close affinity of the parties, had before interested himself greatly on the occasion, runs immediately to the Commandant, and obtains a pardon for the youth, who is thus restored to an overjoyed parent, and an affectionate wife, reduced to a state of frenzy pending his long suspended fate.

This is a free translation, by Mr. Charles Kemble, of the Drama of *Le Déserteur*, in Five Acts, written by M. Mercier, and printed at Paris in the year 1770. The original is, in almost every respect, a leading Piece in that class of scenic composition which the French denominate *Comédie Larmoyante*. It was not a favourite production on its first appearance; but it has, since the Revolution, acquired popularity, and been represented with considerable applause at Paris. In the original, Durimel suffers death, and the Piece terminates in the most affecting way; but, in the present, as we have said, his pardon is obtained, and he is restored to his mistress and his father.

The situations of this Play create a most powerful interest, as many a tear testified. The language is pure, elegant, and unaffected, and furnishes many an instructive lesson of filial and parental affection. The appeals to Heaven, however, are too frequent, and their designed effect is of course considerably impaired. In the scene where the Major relates how painful was the discharge of his duty when punishing a deserter, the description is marked with simplicity of style, and is truly affecting.

The Performers in general contributed by their exertions to the success of the Piece; but Barrymore, in the interesting character of Major St. Franc, the father of Durimel, must have the chief praise, as being uncommonly impressive. It is unquestionably a manly and affecting portrait, and, in our opinion, the best part he ever performed.

Charles

Charles Kemble, also, was very happy in his efforts to support the drooping honour of his father, who was pledged to render him up to the punishment of his offence.

The Piece was received most favourably, and announced for repetition with general applause.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A nankeen-muslin pellice, with straight full sleeves; a white muslin collar, and cuffs of the same: a small lace ruff. A variegated chip hat, white and green; tied under the chin with green ribbon; ornamented with a white ostrich feather. Green shoes and gloves.

2. A blue muslin jacket and coat; the shoulders full and open, with white muslin lining; the neck trimmed with white muslin: a short cloak of the same. Black silk hat lined, and trimmed with white ribbons. Gloves and shoes white.

FULL DRESSES.

3. A plain white muslin gown, with a lace ruff round the neck, rising upon the shoulders: an upper dress of pink muslin, with a cape and skirts of light crimson satin embroidered with silver; and a string of silver rosettes descending from the waist behind: the skirts open and pointed before. A necklace and ear-rings of coral. Shoes crimson satin. Head-dress, of hair only.

4. The head-dress, a white muslin cap, fastened under the chin, and trimmed with lace. A short gown, and a petticoat of white muslin: a broad cape to the gown, which is open in front, trimmed and fastened with lace. Shoes white leather, and gloves of white net.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Morning Dress for August, 1800.

Afternoon Dress for August, 1800.

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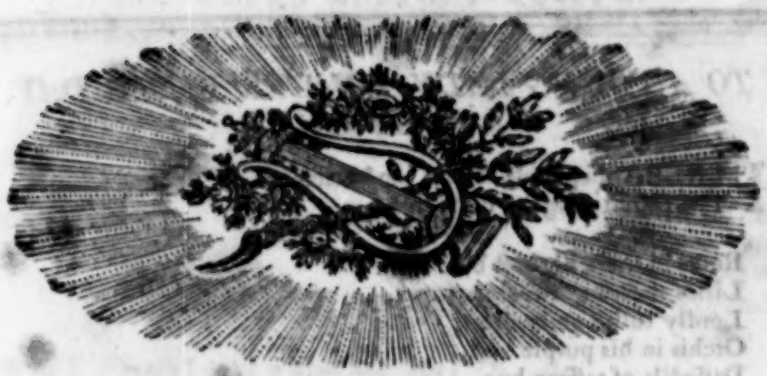

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE MAY SPRIG.

[BY T. P.]

THIS Sprig of sweet May which she gave from her breast,
What an emblem it is of my love!——
'Tis the fairest, the sweetest, the gayest, the best—
The boast and the pride of the grove!

And the sweet little buds, that begin to unfold,
Her mind's soft attractions pourtray:
In the same tender state, while, more precious than gold,
They shall bloom—like the Blossoms of May!

And must I the striking resemblance extend?—
I must—tho' 'tis done with a sigh!
Alike to decay all their beauties must bend;
Alike they must wither, and die!

Here it ends, and the contrast commences: for when
The Sprig back to earth shall be giv'n,
My Anna shall blossom, and flourish again,
Both fairer and sweeter,——in Heav'n!

Yet now, while their beauties so aptly combine,
Our tribute of love let us pay:——
Come, Shepherds, the Sprig with your wreath intertwine,
And crown her the Queen of the May!

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

[BY THE SAME.]

HITHER, Shepherds, haste, and bring
The fairest progeny of Spring!—

Roses in their highest bloom,
Lilies shedding sweet perfume,
Lordly tulips gaily drest,
Orchis in his purple vest,
Daffodils of saffron hue,
Painted pinks and vi'lets blue,
Primrose peeping from the thorn,
Cowslips that the hills adorn,
And those flow'rs that smiling look,
Mantling o'er the shallow brook;
That by courtly dames admir'd,
Into which his soul transpir'd,
'Clept narcissus; sweet woodbine,
Fragrance-breathing eglantine;
Let Myrtilla, too, be there,
To deck my charming Julia's hair.

Ha! no flow'rs I see ye bring,
The fairest progeny of Spring;
Stern Winter rages all around,
And nips the air, and steels the ground!

Julia, thou art dearer far
Than many pinks and daisies are!
If Nature, in her flow'ry vest,
Should condescend to be my guest,
Offer endless springs of pleasure,
And the keys of all her treasure,
If I'd ev'ry claim forego
On joys from love of thee that flow,
And bid eternal Winter sway
The stormy night and gloomy day,
If I refus'd:——Spring's dear to me;
But Winter dearer far with Thee!

Hence!—away, then, idle Muse;
Choosing, where's no need to choose!
Why should I one joy resign?
Spring and Julia will be mine!

Then let temper'd mirth abound,
And the merry tale go round;
Ever happy, ever gay,—
This is Julia's Natal-day!

July, 1800.

TO A ROSE.

SWEET Flow'r! why wither and fade?
Thus filling my bosom with care!
Why mournfully hang down thy head?
An emblem of dreary Despair!

Thou know'st, from the ev'ning so bright,
When she took thy sweet form from her breast—
That bosom so full of delight,
Where the Virtues so tenderly rest!——

When she smil'd, like the blossom of May,
And kiss'd thee, and gave thee to me,
I have tended thee every day;
What lover more anxious could be!

Has the Sun ever pass'd o'er my head,
And thou not partaken his beam?
A show'r from Heaven been shed,
And thou not imbibed the stream?

Has an evening ever pass'd by,
And left thee to mourn of neglect;
Or even at day dawn have I
Forgotten my toll of respect?

I have kiss'd thee a thousand times o'er,
And call'd thee the fairest of Spring!
And could I thy beauties restore,
Those beauties again would I sing.

'Tis true I have said, tho' so fair,
Thou never could'st rival my love——
With Phillis must never compare:
Art thou dying, in vain to have strove?

For, sure, I can never opine
That my Phillis will cancel her vow,
Or suffer her love to decline—
To droop, and to wither—as thou!

'Tis thy nature, sweet Flow'r, to fade;
But of love, such as her's, to be sure:
It is bright as the soul of the Maid!
And like it must ever endure.

SUR LA MORT DE MA MAITRESSE.

JE l'ai donc perdu pour toujours
Cet objet si constant d'une flamme eternelle,
Et la mort, de sa main cruelle
A rompu les liens de nos chastes amours!
Le plaisir sur nos fronts alloit joncher ses roses;
La mort les changes helas! en funebres cyprès,
Et sur la tombe où tu reposes,
Poussant d'inutiles regrets
Je bois du desespoir l'amertûme a long traits!
Sophie! ah! les beaux jours font place a la froidure,
Les forêts ont perdu leur aimable verdure,
Les champs n'ont plus d'appas les jardins sont en deuil,
La glace des ruisseaux assoupit le murmure
Et sur le sein de la nature
La neige va bientot etendre son cerceuil;
Tout est mort avec ma Sophie,
Et la terre, des lors qu'elle me fut ravie,
N'offrit plus a mes yeux qu'un immense cerceuil.
Mais quand l'haleine de Borée
Loin de la nature eplorée
Aura chassè les noirs frimats,
Les forêts reprendront leur brillante verdure
Les jardins leur eclat, les ruisseaux leur murmure,
Et les près leurs anciens appas.
A Flore le zephir rendra ses premiers charmes
Mais, Sophie, ah! ma chere! a mes cris a mes larmes
Le printems ne te rendra pas.
Quand un songe flatteur pendant la nuit obscure
Me montre en souriant tes traits et ta figure
Peints sur son magique miroir,
M'eveillant en sursaut, au lever de l'aurore,
Souvent je dis, mes yeux vont enfin la revoir——

Le

Le jour passe, et j'attends ;—le soir, j'attends encore,
Un autre jour succede et trompe mon espoir!
Alors du fond d'un cœur que la chagrin devore
Je m'addresse aux destins—les destins que j'implore,
L'enchainent pour jamais dans le sombre manvir!
Destins jaloux: dans leur furie
Ils ont bien pu toter la vie
Malgrè moy, sous mes yeux, a la fleur de tes ans—
Mais pour effacer ton image
D'un cœur dont tes vertus t' assurvient le partage,
Ah! les destins sont impuissans!
Je t' adorois, le ciel propice a ma priere
A mes timides vœux, a tes chastes desirs,
Ouvroit ton ame tout entiere,
Et la Parque ourdissoit ma future carriere
De fils tressès par les plaisir!
La mort a tout detruit!—au tombeau descendue,
Pour moy, ma Sophie, est perdue,
Que dis-je? Non—c'est une erreur!
Le tombeau n'a de toy reçu qu'une ombre vaine——
Ton ame pour jamais est unie a la mienne,
Et tous vis toujours dans mon cœur.

Pimlico, June, 1800. I. T.

THE CHAPLET.

BRING choicest flow'rs, which deck the Spring,
To form a wreath of varying hue,
Whose artless charms the Muse shall sing,
Enamell'd with the morning dew.

The lily, fairest in the train
Of Nature's sweets, shall take the lead,
And glad Philander's vocal strain,
Soft vibrate thro' its native mead.

The lovely Sylvia's placid face
Thy spotless white can best pourtray,
Ere yet Philander's dear embrace
Suffuse man's emanative ray.

The glit'ring Hyacintha's bloom
Dipp'd in the azure of the sky,
Exhaling wi'e its rich perfume,
Describes the lustre of her eye.

The loveliest col'ring sweetly blends
With beams of purest lambent light,
Whose pow'r the heart, submissive, bends,
Charm'd with the dear, resistless sight.

The clover's deepest crimson shade,
That waves beside the sky-lark's nest,
Shall twine amid the motley braid
With which the lovely maid is drest.

As emulous of Beauty's Queen,
The ruby of her lips it stole:
'Twill blow amid the em'rald green,
Tho' bound, unconscious of controul.

The modest cowslip shall combine
With vi'lets from the fost'ring glade,
Upon the lovely head shall twine
Of fond Philander's rural maid.

Her breath their fragrance best convey,
From whence alone they sweetness draw;
Emblems of her simplicity,
Whose mind's the seat of Nature's law!

RURAL LIFE.

HOW sweet to hail the infant day,
Attir'd in vary'd blue and gold,
As the rapt lark begins his lay,
To tend the kine, and pen the fold!

How glistens in the radiant beams
The liquid di'monds' native hue,
Which thro' the verdant foliage gleams,
And rivals that of fam'd Peru!

How

How throbs my heart!——Ah! Nature, take
Th' effusive tribute of my frame,
Unhackney'd; such as thou didst make,
Which fondly kindles into flame!

In grateful chorus sweep the sky
Mixt strains of Nature's feather'd kind,
Which raise their voices as they fly,
And symphonize the joyous hind.

Lowing rough cadence to the song,
The herds their untaught matins pour;
Thro' glades it murmuring floats along,
And mingles distant echo's roar.

Now, as I trace the trailing plough,
Health rises with th' exhaling air;
The marbled furrows' fragant glow
Dispels the turbid mists of care.

The clacking mill, in busy round,
Prepares the produce of the fields;
Plenty seems, in the rapid sound,
More sweet than aught the city yields.

When eve its mellow influence sheds
O'er various charming Nature's scene,
Her song hid Philomela spreads,
And to the moon directs her strain.

Ah! then, along the glades to stray,
Or seated in the verdant bow'r,
How sweetly wears the night away,
How peaceful glides the fleeting hour!

Blest is the swain who thus, at morn,
With the fond lark his matins raise;
At eve, when Phœbus beams are shorn,
With Philomel his vespers pays.

TO MUSIC.

ENCHANTING pow'r! whose gentle sway
To peace and love attunes the soul,
And kindly charms life's gloomy way,
And bids the tardy moments roll:

Delightful

Delightful theme,
Most pleasing dream,
Oh! ever deign
To cheer the scene:
Discord shall at thy voice give place,
And ev'ry motion blend with grace.

Disease and Care at distance keep;
Their iron rule is felt no more;
Wrapt in the fascinating sleep,
While rapture vibrates ev'ry pore:
Ah! pow'r divine,
Then, come, be mine;
Sweet poetry,
In sympathy,
Shall frame the words which thou shalt sound,
And tuneful Nature echo round.

THE KISS.

WHEN fond emotion swells the heart,
Ere Hope its cordial deigns,
What language dares not to impart
Th' expressive sigh contains.

But when sweet Hope the bosom cheers,
And leads the soul to bliss,
Then rapt'rous love confest appears,
Effusing in the *Kiss!*

TO SIMPLICITY.

SWEET child of Nature, kindly deign
To listen to a faithful swain,
Who plights his ardent vows;
Thou empress of my heart shalt be;—
Then yield, in tender sympathy,
To be Philander's spouse.

When cheer'd by morn's delightful ray,
The linnet warbles from the spray
His grateful notes of praise;
Soft-floating o'er th' enamell'd ground,
The village pipes the glades resound,
Borne on the gentle breeze.

At

At Nature's call th' inspired hind
Expands th' effusion of his mind
In some unlabour'd song:
Light-tripping o'er the dewy green,
See health in Phœbe grace the scene,
Prime of the rural throng.

Her modest, unaffected air—
Her bosom, void of ev'ry care,
Ne'er fail the heart to move;
Warm'd by each sweet, attractive grace,
Concenter'd charms of mind and face,
I soften into love.

Ye censuring fools, who never know
The sweets which Virtue can bestow,
A fig for all your prate:
The musty rules of birth and wealth,
Presiding over love and health,
Are my decided hate.

Learn, for as yet ye have not found
That, far as earth's extended bound,
Titles no merit give;
Nor riches were they ever known,
Those high-priz'd baubles of a throne,
Remorse or care to drive.

THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN clouds the eastern sky obscure,
And veil the radiant lamp of light;
When fast descends the humid show'r,
And fills the landscape with affright;

Suffus'd the verdant carpet lies,
Each flow'r reclines its weeping head;
The woods and groves, in broken sighs,
A dirge-like cadence widely spread.

The flocks in silent grief deplore
The mournful aspect of the plains;
The feather'd choir is heard no more
To spread around their rapt'rous strains.

The

The winds, deep moaning, beat the air,
To vent their much impeded force,
And in the accents of despair
Lag in their desultory course.

Ah! then, supremely blest are they
Whose even minds in calmness wait
Till the drear gloom shall pass away,
And Nature wear her former state. F.

TO MISS MARY BIDWELL,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

MAY this blest day distinguish'd lustre wear,
And shine the brightest in the circling year;
No sullen glooms its radiant face annoy,
No care, no anxious thought, your bliss destroy;
But ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry blessing meet,
To make your happiness this day complete!—
May it—thus perfect, thus complete—still last;
May each succeeding year excel the past;
While Nature's self, exhausted of her store,
Shall kindly give, till thou can'st ask no more.

Thetford, July, 1800. PAUL PERRY.

ON A NEAT COUNTRY PARSONAGE-HOUSE.

HAIL! sweet retirement, in whose happy cell
Content and meek-ey'd Piety doth dwell:
Plain in thy neatness, at thy humble gate
Religion's self is seen, and loves to wait.——
May'st thou, blest mansion, long thy master trust;
Be true to him, as he to God is just!

Thetford, July 1800. PAUL PERRY.

STANZAS

STANZAS TO MARY.

TO thee, sweet Mary, sympathetic maid—
To thee my fondest wishes I'd impart:
Thy breast will heave, nor can thy frown upbraid
The struggling tumults of a vanquish'd heart!

Why did I e'er behold thee, beauteous fair—
Why—why is thus my bosom's flame confest?
For, ah! no hope relieves the keen despair
That, rankling, preys upon my joyless breast!

Torn from my love, what hope can cheer my soul?—
Where—where's the pow'r to charm my wishful sight?—
Ah! who can sooth the lover's pensive dole
Whose bosom heaves in vain for its delight?

Why did her charms my fondness thus beguile—
Why did illusive joys my breast elate—
Why did I court her captivating smile?
For, ah! too soon, it seal'd my hopeless fate!

Oh, could I hope my soul's delight to gain,
Each chilling fear my bosom would resign;
No more my gladden'd heart would e'er complain—
No more in cheerless mis'ry I'd pine.

Fraught with sweet joys—with glowing fondness fraught—
With her I'd court Seclusion's lonesome bow'r;
And whilst Love's gaze betray'd the latent thought,
Her melting glance might charm the fleeting hour.

Bewilder'd thus—with Rapture's thrill inspir'd—
I'd seize the lovely hand so long I'd sought,
Whilst ev'ry nerve, with vivid ardour fir'd,
Would own the throb her peerless beauties taught.

Now, at her feet, should Mary's tender gaze,
Propensive fix'd, a mutual rapture speak;
Ah! should the dye which yielding love betrays
Tinge with its crimson glow her heav'nly cheek;

Then!—then!——but, hush!——what pang disturbs my brain—
Why does the falling tear bedew my line?
Hence—hence, vain thought!—the blissful wish is vain!
For, ah! sweet Mary, *never* can be mine!!

W. E,

SOLU-

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Plough-share.
Charade II.——Kind-red.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

By a Lady. Addressed to a Gentleman.

MOST Lovers do my First;
Wild-beasts frequent my Second:
My Whole your head will never be,
Nor ever was it reckon'd.

CHARADE II.

THE name of the charming bright nymph which I love
Begins with a City and ends with a Grove.

To Correspondents, &c.

Our Correspondents are requested to observe, that Articles intended by them for an ensuing Number of the Museum must always, to secure insertion, be transmitted by the 6th day of the current month. The Author of Jane of Flanders *will oblige us much by attending to this, and favouring us with the conclusion as early as possible.*

The Drama of The Castle of Walstenfurth *shall appear as soon as* Jane of Flanders *has been completed.*

The Articles alluded to by Paul Peery *were laid aside at the request of many of our readers.*

The Anecdotes of Dr. Young and Dr. Brown are generally known; as are also the story of the Poor Man and his Dog, that of the Bear and her Cubs, and the Anecdote of a Princess of Prussia and a Custom-house Officer.

The Efforts of Anna *are much too imperfect for public notice.*

Our soi-disant *writers of* Poetry *become much too numerous to be answered* individually. *Such as are at all deserving of insertion will appear in their turn.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
31
OCT
49

PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA

Daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester

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